

Good Morning 746

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

L.T.A. Will Tackle Big 'Amateur' Sham says R. L. Stephens

LAWN TENNIS in Britain to-day is ruled by the Lawn Tennis Association, of which Viscount Templewood (formerly Sir Samuel Hoare) is president, and Mr. H. A. Sabelli is secretary.

It has its offices just off the Strand in London, but the real centre of tennis in Britain is Wimbledon, where the game was born. Since 1938 there has been an intimate connection between the Lawn Tennis Association and the All-England Lawn Tennis Ground at Wimbledon.

The L.T.A. agreed to take over all responsibility for the upkeep of the ground, the wages and salaries, etc., and in return became 50 per cent. shareholders of the Wimbledon ground, taking all the profits from the championships.

Throughout Britain there are clubs affiliated to the L.T.A., and promoting tournaments under it. The L.T.A. decides such disputes as may arise, and considers changes in the rules, although these have been virtually unaltered during the present century.

It also considers such matters of the qualifications of umpires and linesmen for major tournaments, and undertakes the arrangement of international events.

Its funds are used for coaching promising players and the welfare of the game generally.

It was in 1877 that the All-England Croquet Club added "Lawn Tennis" to its title.

The "Lawn" was to distinguish the game from the tennis that had been played for centuries, using a walled court.

The actual inventor of the game, in which the ball is hit to and fro across a net instead of against a wall, was Major Walter Wingfield, who took out a provisional patent in 1874; but lawn tennis, as it developed rapidly during the next two or three years, changed considerably from his specifications.

The All-England Club drew up the first rules, which differed in certain vital respects from those which had been approved by the M.C.C. just before, and held its first championship in 1877.

From that time it dominated lawn tennis, which spread like wildfire through Britain. The M.C.C.'s interest concentrated on "real" tennis.

For ten years the committee of the All-England Club amended the rules until the present code evolved. The Lawn Tennis Association was not formed until 1886, when lawn tennis had passed through its "teething" stages—by 1880 the court and rules had reached the stage they are now in, although there have been changes in the height of the net and in the rules of serving.

From that time to the present, the story of lawn tennis has been one of rising popularity, with a great "boom" in it as a spectacle after the last war.

About £125,000 was borrowed as debentures to develop the famous Wimbledon courts, but much of the money has been paid back. The annual fortnight of the championships is reckoned to have made an average profit of £30,000.

The All-England Club has an entrance fee of five guineas and an annual subscription of ten guineas—many people consider it cheap for what it provides.

The only snag is that the waiting list is already long enough to provide members for the next 20 years!

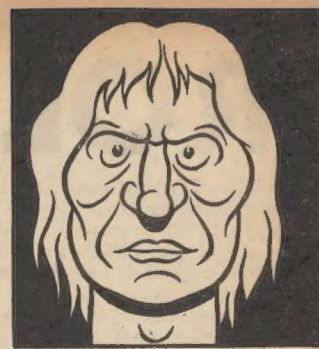
The L.T.A. has resolutely set its face against the mixing of amateurs and professionals in tournaments, and from time to time has had to face criticism for not taking stronger steps over "shamateurism."

First-class tennis has now reached a standard where a private income is necessary to provide the time necessary to practice, and the expenses of travelling to tournaments in all parts of the country.

In the post-war years this problem of defining the amateur more exactly may be a difficult one.

O, YOU LUCKY HOMO SAPIENS!

Jack Greenall has traced your family tree without any cost at all (—To you: Ed.)



Self-portrait.

THINKING it was high time I knew exactly how I came to stand in the scheme of things. I mean re this man-from-monkey business (I was sizing the Zoo gorilla at the time and getting touchy), I put in a short work-out on a tome or two.

Now, when I sit and reflect, I get dizzy spells, and feel the urge to swing from the nearest branch!

ENTER ERECTUS.

It seems about half a million years ago, come Candlemas, something down in the forests of Java stirred; it was Pithecanthropus Erectus, or walking ape mooching about. Well, according to the ones in the know, the top of his skull was mooching along with three teeth and a thigh-bone!

That's all they've found of the lad up to now. And was he having a birthday!

What with mammoths, rhinos, giant beavers, wild horses and sabre-toothed tigers in the offing, life's joys were at a premium.

You ought to know more about this sabre-tooth to get an

chew up his meat jungle style. He had to hang on to old Erectus till he'd worn him out, then take it out of him via a prolonged blood transfusion. Hardly the welkin ringing for old Erectus!

But this was not all old Erectus had to contend with! What with dodging bears, wolves and wild boars in his spare time, too, I wonder he kept on trying to exist at all!

Maybe he didn't for that's all there is to tell about him—skull, teeth, thigh-bone and all.

FROM HEIDELBERG.

Two hundred thousand or 250,000 years now whizz past, when one day in Heidelberg up pops a jaw-bone.

This jaw-bone is now known as the Heidelberg Man!

I know it sounds screwy, but there it is, he's the star of the second act. Although all jaw, this cove couldn't talk properly. There's still a few 'em around yet, too. (Am I telling you something?)

One realises, of course, at this juncture of time there was damn-all to talk about; the headlines were never up to much.

We read of old Sabre-tooth dying out, which must have been a godsend, but his place had been taken by the lion; life all over—if it's not one blessed thing it's another.

Somehow, Heidelberg Man never caught on. Nature had him on a bit of string, and there now sails into view 100,000 years later a British Bloke, or at least his busted skull does, at Piltown, Sussex, called the Dawn Man.

Dawn had the thickest skull a man ever had, practically solid bone from chin up! For want of something better to do, he chipped flints, and died near his hobby.

Can you wonder, chipping flints? I mean, no future.

In the same gravel pit where they found the lad were also the teeth of a rhino, the teeth

of a hippo, and the leg-bone of a deer. Something tells me, although Dawn was a bit potty, he hadn't starved.

A jaw-bone was also found here, and thought at first to belong to Dawn's buddy, but later it transpired it formerly adorned the face of a chimp! These guessers!

ANOTHER STARTER.

We now skip another 50,000 years, and find a blood brother of mine, Number 4, and yours (we're all up to the neck in this, remember), hiking it all over Europe, and leaving the place untidy, dropping flint knives, scrapers and daggers here, there, and everywhere!



Heidelberg Man.

Must have been cluttered up with the darned things!

This hiker is now known as Neanderthal Man, and although no gentleman of the chorus, he'd improved his appearance a bit, and parts of his brain were beginning to see the light.

He'd slipped up on the chin though, somehow, had allowed his jaw to lag behind, and toddled along, head forward, with a shambling gait.

This bloke was hairy, lousy, and Grade 4, had rheumatism, rheumatoid arthritis, rickets, stitch and pyorrhea.

Of course, he'd no idea he had these then; he'd other names for 'em, voiced by a series of grunts, the nastier the twinge, the louder the grunt! To cap all this, he had a vile temper and was jealous—not the boy to have a night out with.

He lived during one of the great Ice Ages, but only just! If a million-ton glacier hadn't got him on the run, a woolly mammoth or a woolly rhino kept him at the double!

If the glaciers, mammoths and rhinos lay off for a bit, a bison would have him legging it to higher levels! I suppose it was one way of keeping warm.

He slept, when not doing the mile and a quarter in record time, on a rocky ledge or inside a cave—that is, after he'd successfully evicted its former tenant, who came in the shape of the cave bear, the cave hyena, or the cave lion!

How he managed this, graded four, as he was, beats me! He didn't always get things his own way. You guessed that, of course.

His constant worry was if the coming night was to be one of sweet repose, or whether the cave's former tenant would call back later for a return bout with a few bosom pals to back him up!

I'd say he tossed and turned a bit in the small hours.

Old Man Neanderthal ate his kill where he knocked it off. He just couldn't be bothered to lay the table. When he'd got through his schedule he'd lug home the big marrow bones to work on them at his leisure.

His old girls did all the



Dawn Man.

donkey-work: he had loads of 'em! Any likely young male with over-eager ideas coming the acid in the springtime when love called would be rubbed out before the gong had gone! Old Man Neanderthal wasn't greedy, but he liked the lot!

He had no language; living as near to hell on earth as he did, words probably failed him!

He kipped out generally near a stream, and to ease his temper, took it out of chunks of flint.

When he fed, he ate the whole landscape, crab-apples, beech-nuts, wild cherries, wild peas, chestnuts, acorns, wild gooseberries, sloes, blackberries, yewberries, hips and haws, watercress, fungi, eggs, (Continued on Page 3)

Cowboys Paid Bonus for Wonder Goal

THEY used to call William Russell Wainscoat, the famous Leeds, Hull City and England inside forward, "The man who can do everything."

He certainly deserved this title, for the great goalscorer certainly took on many jobs, and did them all very well.

A first-class cricketer, golfer and bowls expert, he was licensee of a big hotel, and also had a boot and shoe store at Cudworth. In addition, too, he played football much better than the average man.

In the course of a lengthy career, Bill Wainscoat scored many great goals. He toured all over Europe and the New World.

It was while in Canada, in 1926, that he had an experience he, and those with him in the England team, will never forget.

They had made a fairly lengthy tour of Canada, beaten rather easily every team they had faced, and, as a result, had set up something of a reputation.

The newspapers were full of their deeds, and when the team reached Calgary, and were offered a game by a club composed of cowboys, they were held in such high esteem that they could not very well refuse.

The cowboys, I should stress, although they did not look a first-class side with their somewhat assorted jerseys, boots that were certainly made for anything but football, and general "I don't care a hang outlook," were really a fine football team.

Strange as this may sound, the Calgary cowboys, who had rarely had a first-class side oppose them, were very anxious for the Englishmen to show their true form.

As a sort of bonus, they offered a share in a local oil-field to the first man to score a goal against them.

England started off with a rush, their forwards finding each other with bewildering precision and accuracy—but it was the Canadians who came nearest to scoring when their centre-forward saw one of his drives hit the cross-bar, rebound on to the back of an England defender, and a corner-kick given away.

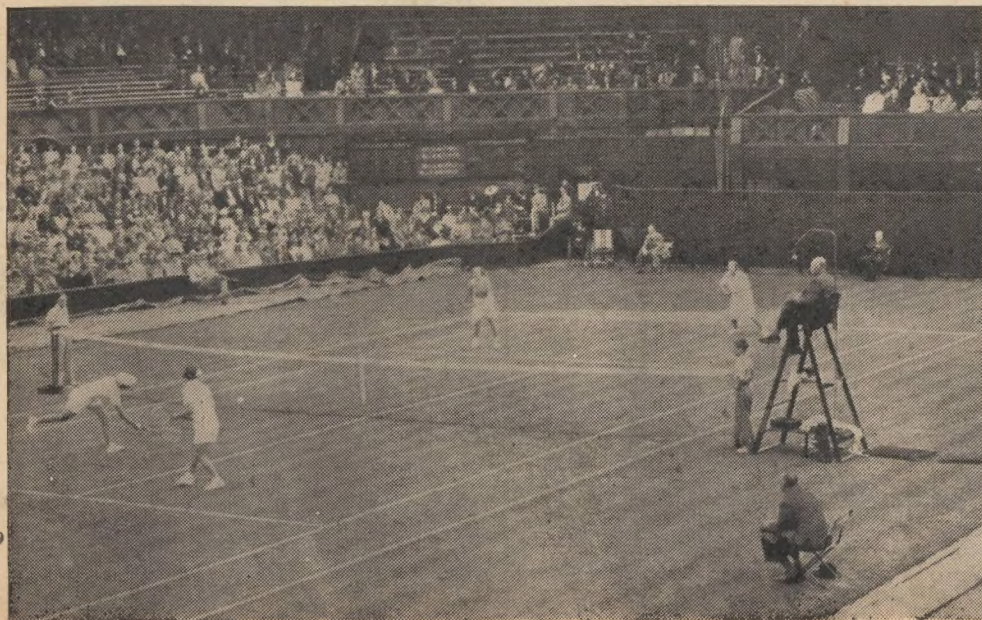
The England goalkeeper caught the centre, then, with a long kick, sent the ball into the cowboys' half of the field.

There was a tussle for possession between Bill Wainscoat and the Canadian centre-half, and the Englishman, evading a tackle, came away with the ball at his toe.

The left-half slid at Wainscoat. Neatly the forward evaded the Canadian, sold a dummy to the left-back, dribbled round the pivot, who had recovered, drew the Canadian goalkeeper from his charge, tapped it over his head, ran round, and rolled the ball over the line.

It was a wonderful effort, and the crowd, as well as all the players, gave Wainscoat a great ovation—and at half-time he was given his bonus—a share in a Calgary oil-field! Surely the strangest ever reward for a wonder goal.

JOHN ALLEN.



Play at Wimbledon—centre of tennis in England.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

ROLL, BOWL, OR PITCH

By Phillip Neville

RECENTLY I spent one whole week with my sister Joyce at her home in the country.

It was a week remarkable for a united hatred, and when I say that Penelope Ann was my fellow hater you can well imagine what honest downright hating took place.

The object of our hatred was James. Let me briefly set the scene.

At the end of the week there was to be a revival of the peace time village Test match—Married v. Single.

I had been brought down for the husbands to vent their spite on.

James was a demon bowler specially chartered to remind bachelors that theirs was not a carefree life.

He was a friend of Bertram, my brother-in-law, and was also staying at the house.

His wife preferred to remain at home, and I imagined her to be a woman of remarkably sound judgment.

James made an enemy of Penelope Ann with his first remark.

Pulling a pigtail, he said heartily: "Hear you're always scoring off your uncle. Well, he won't score off me, either."

As Penelope Ann said to me later: "What's he know about what we do? I'll bet a million million pounds we both score off him."

He was a practical joker, too, was James.

He caught Penelope Ann with the old trick of crushing an empty egg-shell on her head.

I knew, as P.A. tried to wipe away a sticky yolk that wasn't there, that he was headed for a fearful doom.

He was a compendium of par-lour tricks too, was James.

One of his favourites was some very fancy jumping back and forth over a tea-tray. Very clever, Bertram and Joyce thought him.

Penelope Ann, loyal little niece that she is, said: "Bet Uncle could do it if he wanted to."

"Bet your Uncle ten shillings I

bowled him on Saturday," said James.

"Taken," I exclaimed. I had never seen him bowl, then. "And another ten bob the husband beat the bachelors," he said.

"Taken," I said. I hadn't seen our team, then.

But by Friday morning I had seen both bowling and team.

After watching James having what he called a "half-speed" try-out on the Wednesday I had wakened up in the night screaming on four occasions.

About our team, all I can say is I'm not surprised they were bachelors.

That is, all except one, old Groggins, the local groundsman. He had played for his county and must have been sixty now.

He gave me confidence, did Groggins.

But a walk along a lane that Friday morning with Penelope Ann was like a walk to the gallows.

"If only I could get an idea," said P.A. scowling ferociously. "Is it murder if a flower-pot falls from my bedroom window on to his head?"

Yes, I said, adding hopefully that they never hang children.

A little farther on we came to some men tarring the road. My friend Groggins was among them.

I mentioned that James was supposed to be a pretty fast bowler.

"Ah," said Groggins, non-committally. "So he tells me."

Oh-ho, I thought so, James has offended you as he has everyone else.

"Think we have a chance?" I asked.

"Cricket's a funny game," he said.

Then to Penelope Ann, "Come away from that tar, Miss. Get that on your hands and it'll stay on for days."

I guided P. A.'s footsteps homewards.

Coming down the stairs to tea later I heard a roar of laughter from Bertram and James, and then an infuriated Penelope Ann hustled from the room.

Seeing me, she tore up the stairs and whispered, "He's a beast. I hate him. He said before you came in to bat he'd call for gin's young nephew with a tray, drinks to be brought out just to make you more nervous. Horrid, person's young niece also avee horrid man."

Saturday was a lovely, sunny day. All the village lined the ground.

The Bachelors lost the toss and the Marrieds proceeded to show off before their wives.

Only Groggins seemed to know that the general idea of bowling the innocent pipings of a child.

He laughed, put the glass down, and I guessed she had reminded him of his jumping trick.

He took the tray from her with other Bachelors gave the Marrieds both hands, and he certainly did his chance to tell their children jumping trick.

With a yell he flung the tray to the sky, jumped after it, then came down, waving his hands wildly.

Black! They were as black as tar. Thick with it, too.

Madly he wiped them on the grass; gloriously he blacked his snow-white flannels with them.

Then up spoke that ancient warrior, Groggins.

"Umpire," he said, "remember that Wisden says about time and pretty soon all the Marrieds limits for bowlers?"

Nobody knew what Wisden said about anything. But the umpire

Let us not look too closely at the picture of the demon bowler and the scattered wickets of the Bachelors.

Out of the wreckage emerged only Groggins, stealing the bowling whenever he could.

Eighty he had scored and our total was ninety-nine and in the last man.

Instantly up went the shout of "Drinks!" from James.

You've guessed it. I was the last man, and there were two more balls in James's over.

From the pavilion came Groggins's young nephew with a tray, followed by a certain well-known person's young niece also avee tray.

Round went Groggins's nephew with his laden tray and, then dawdling after him, came the side's last hope, Penelope Ann, with one glass on her tray.

I watched James take the glass and then lean down to listen to the innocent pipings of a child.

He laughed, put the glass down, and I guessed she had reminded him of his jumping trick.

He took the tray from her with other Bachelors gave the Marrieds both hands, and he certainly did his chance to tell their children jumping trick.

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knew what Groggins might say, and so he told James to "get cracking."

With a look of rage, James picked up the ball, retreated a hundred yards, and then tore towards me. I shut my eyes and waited.

Then I opened my eyes to see the ball simply drop from James's hand and trickle to the middle of the pitch, where it stopped dead in tar-laden exhaustion.

Up the pitch dashed Groggins. Down the pitch I went.

With face as red as a geranium, James picked up the ball, wiped it, stood at the crease, and hurled it at Groggins.

"No ball," shouted the umpire. With a swipe for six by Groggins the Bachelors won.

VE-day scenes weren't in it. Bachelors everywhere proposed to the nearest girls; wives asked for and got extra housekeeping money. Penelope Ann kissed Groggins.

All that indomitable veteran said was, "You shouldn't have used hot tar, miss."

All Penelope Ann said was, "It didn't feel hot through James's boo'ful yellow gloves."

Trust a nice girl like P. A. to keep her hands out of tar.

THE END

ALEX CRACK

The doctor had been called in to attend upon a young woman. "Oh," he remarked cheerfully after his examination, "there's not a great deal wrong with you. What you want more than anything else is a little sun and air."

"Oh, doctor," said the girl, in embarrassment, "I'm not even engaged yet."

QUIZ for today

1. What colour is cerise—violet, gold, red, sky-blue, green?

2. In what county is Sherwood Forest?

3. Mohammed was born about: 1000 B.C., 840 B.C., 320 B.C., A.D. 570, A.D. 1010?

4. For what do the letters, L.D.S., stand?

5. If you knew a Mr. Georgehan, how would you pronounce his name?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Playful, Gay, Jubate, Jolly, Lively, Jovial.

Answers to Quiz in No. 745

1. Brown.

2. Christ's Hospital.

3. Sussex.

4. And the following.

5. Rox-ley.

6. W can be written in a single continuous line; others can't.

True or False?

THAT YOU DON'T HEAR THE BOMB THAT HITS YOU.

MANY Londoners, especially in the early days of the "blitz," were convinced that a man "never heard the bomb that hit him." It is difficult to know how the idea originated, for it has no foundation in fact.

Later on, when V.2 rockets began to fall, it was true, you did not hear the bomb that hit you, for the simple reason that it fell faster than sound.

The noise of it falling came after the explosion, when its victim would be in no state to hear it.

As far as ordinary bombs are concerned, they reach a terminal velocity in which the acceleration due to gravity is equalled by the resistance of the air to their passage.

This terminal velocity is less than 1,100 feet per second, the velocity of sound.

The curious thing is that the notion that "people did not hear the bomb that hit them" persisted even after hundreds, and even thousands, of people had had the experience of "near misses," so close that for practical purposes they might have been hit. These bombs could be heard falling; indeed, the whistle or roar often gave long enough warning for a threatened person to save himself by falling flat, or even throwing himself into a shelter.

The sound of a bomb varies very much according to the position of the listener.

If the aeroplane dropping it is approaching him and drops the bomb when some miles away, it falls in a curve in front of him, and it is possible to hear the explosion of the bomb first and the sound of it coming down afterwards, because the sound of the explosion has not so far to travel as the sound of the fall, originating high up.

If the bomb is dropped when the aircraft is nearer, it will pass over the head of the listener and he will hear its whine for some time before the explosion.

People in much-bombed cities become adept at judging where a bomb is going from the sound of its fall, as a fighting man judges the direction of an approaching shell.

The "dangerous" bomb is that, the noise of which steadily increases, and it is quite certain that this is heard by people subsequently hit.

Alex Cracks

"How do you account for having all these things in your pockets?" asked the policeman. "Well you see, officer, we ain't got no side-board at 'ome."

"Are you by any chance the son of Mrs. Hopkins?"

"I am, Madame, but not by any chance."

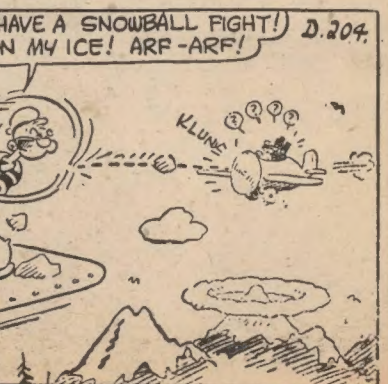
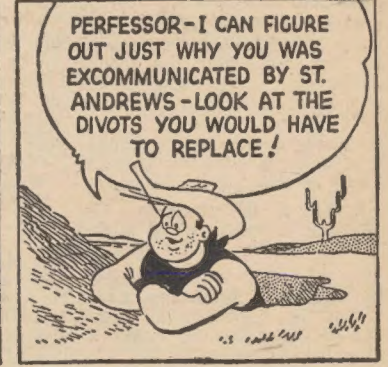
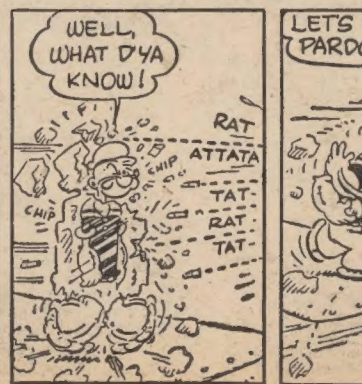
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 684

- 1. Behead a blank and make a step.
- 2. Insert the same letter 8 times and make sense of: Themuwastuedwithimelu.
- 3. What period of time can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines? (Example: ERA).
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He is no imitation lord, he is a _____.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 683

- 1. T-rip.
- 2. Fine feathers make fine birds.
- 3. Veal.
- 4. Drives, divers.

JANE

Homo Sapiens

(Continued from Page 1) Neanderthal Man lasted 200,000 years, having, I suppose, eaten himself out of hearth and home.

HOMO BEGINS.

A new-comer now entered the ring. He is Cro-Magnon Man, and was almost like us—well, at any rate, like some of us!

His other name is Homo Sapiens, and he knew all the answers. He was tall, had a broad face, a prominent conk, all that is required under the hat, and stood for no non-sense.

Life didn't begin at forty for him, it came to a sudden stop. A complete skeleton of him was discovered in a grotto, gone, his teeth worn down to stumps, a spent force.

Some young spark, courting a mad and tired of waiting, old Dutch lay here, too, and would come out of his corner, from the look of things she'd spit on his hands, mix it among the bones and offal, and Old Man Neanderthal would be come a total loss.

Homo hunted, and how! In

one pit alone the bones of 100,000 horses were found, together with the bones of reindeer, mammoth and bison!



Neanderthal Man.

Homo must have had a field day! People whose heads bulge in the right places are still wondering if Homo tamed the horse.

After reading about the bones of the 100,000, I'm left wondering how the devil the

horse managed to be tamed at all!

If you're interested, the horse at this period was a kind of wild pony with a "beaver" under his chin. Think Homo had got his natural history a bit fogged, and it was the goat, not the horse, he'd been doing his darndest to blot out?

One thing Homo could do was draw. He nearly smothered France and Spain with comic strips of blood-red bison and bilious-looking mammoths, besides pictures by the yard on horn and bone!

He drew his horses with only one hind leg and one fore leg! Somehow he never could place the parts on the other side.

He also had a nasty habit, when browed-off, of slicing away a finger or two. Strikes me somebody's taking a devil of a lot for granted when they state Homo was almost like us!

I mean, a queer look you'd give me, I'd be bound, if I started hacking off a digit here and a digit there when stewing in the doldrums!

Well, now you know it all,

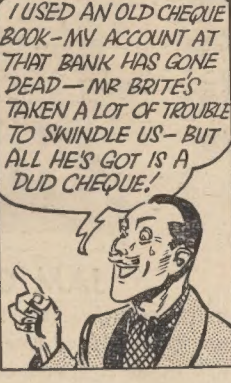
how d'you feel? I know how I feel, particularly re Old Man Neanderthal and his menu.



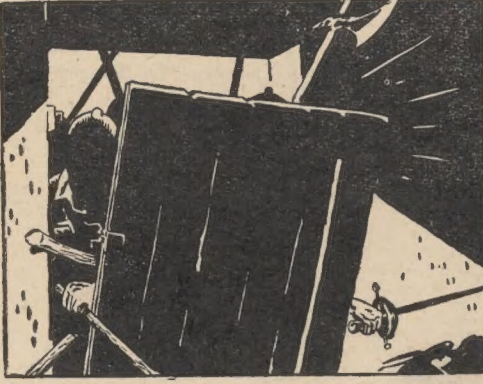
MAURICE McLEUGHLIN



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



People are Queer

If anyone knows every crooked corner and dismal dungeon of the Tower of London it is Lieut.-Colonel W. F. O. Faviell, D.S.O.

For twelve years he has been Major of the Tower, working there all day long, and living there in the King's House—a place with twenty-three rooms.

Col. Faviell does not use many of them. Apart from a daily help, who gets his breakfast, he has no one to look after them.

Now he leaves the post—with regret. In spite of every opportunity, no ghosts of prisoners who died in the dungeons or who had their heads cut off at the whim of kings, have ever disturbed his slumber at nights.

One of the things he will miss will be that of being head of the oldest Army Force—the Yeomen Warders of the Tower (Beefeaters, to you).

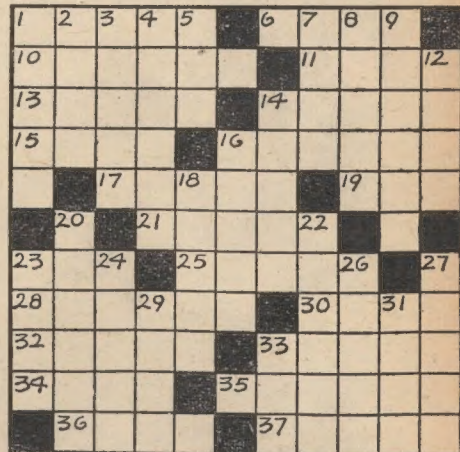
TIME was when the Metropolitan Police Force was proud of its beards. In those days—pre-war World War 1—people in London's streets gazed in awe at the bearded giants casually swinging a truncheon as they passed through the main thoroughfares, and no kid ever dared call "Beaver!"

Fashions change. To-day there is only one bearded bobby in the Force to bring a sweet waft of memory to the more aged criminals—P.C. 494 Crust, attached to Marylebone Police Station.

D. N. K. B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

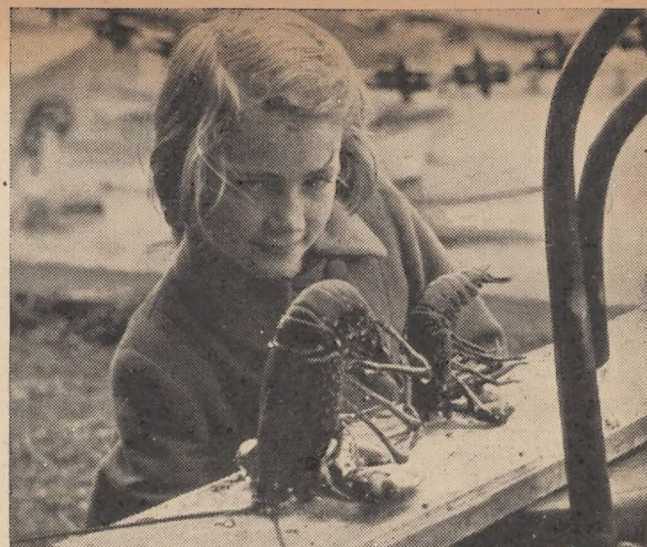
GUST PITCH
OPPOSE ROAM
AHoy PRESTO
DETER OATEN
L DELUDE E
ADC TUG RAY
L ALIGHT R
OWNER SARAH
FOAMED LOBE
TODU UTOPIA
DANCE NEST



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Hurry. 6 Hoist. 10 Energetic. 11 Evening party. 13 Tending. 14 Nymph. 15 Bob up. 16 Flag. 17 Fish. 19 Scottish river. 21 Keen. 23 Neuralgia. 25 Ougars. 28 Source. 30 Get tiresome. 32 Kindled. 33 Leg-bone. 34 Truth. 35 Organ of touch. 36 Wet mixture. 37 Scene of action.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Glad. 2 Land measure. 3 Good supply. 4 Bell sound. 5 Time before. 7 Metal. 8 Came across. 9 Dish. 12 Get weary. 14 Women's quarters. 16 Started. 18 Dull. 20 Girl's name. 22 Sword. 23 Well-dressed man. 24 About. 26 Fur. 27 Girl's name. 29 Procures. 31 Creditor's right. 33 Drink.

Good Morning



ASLEEP ON THEIR HEADS

We've often heard stories of mesmerised animals, but here's something we didn't think could be mesmerised. They are lobsters at the Dove Marine Laboratory, Cullercoats, Northumberland. The Professor just puts 'em to sleep on their heads by gently rubbing their shells — after first dodging their claws.



THIS ENGLAND

The curtains are drawn, and inside the taproom it is warm and bright. Nobby has played "exhibition" darts all evening — and now he needs double swan for game. He picks up his pint and takes a swig. His first arrow is a feeler. His second a creeper. His third, OFFICE. This England is still all right!

JAM ON IT

William Clamp (No, Mr. Printer, Clamp — not Chump!) of Ashem, near Doncaster, has made a greenhouse out of jam-jars. Now he means to raise fruit to make jam to fill jam-jars — Aw! it seems crazy to us. What do you think, Submariners? And you, Mr. Printer? And you, Mr. Chump (Sorry, Mr. Clamp)?



"Oh, Grandmama! What big thighs you've got!" — And Granny Dolores Moran peers over the top of her sun-glasses at this impudent grandchild. Anyway, we think she's got a lot of stuff on the ball — and she won't mind who hears us!



BUSY PIECE OF CHEESE-CAKE

Shapely, much-snapped, snappy Noel Neill is (for obvious reasons) one of Hollywood's busiest little "cheese-cake" artists, CHEESE-CAKE, according to the dictionary is a young thing who — unlike Mother Brown — never gets the breeze up when she is asked to show her knees up.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Just can't see the pins for the pin-ups!"

